

54 B1

(No. 1.)

Under the Direction of the Earl of *Exeter*.

Monday, February 14th, 1785.

Concert of Antient Music.

ACT I.

OVERTURE, ESTHER.

Handel.

Glee. Canst thou love and live alone.

T. Ravenscroft.

Song. Dite che fà, (*Ptolomy*)

Handel.

Introduction and Chorus. Ye Sons of Israel, (*Josbua*)

Handel.

Song. Se mai turbo.

Handel.

FIRST CONCERTO, Op. 3^{2a}.

Geminiani.

Song. I know that my Redeemer liveth, (*Messiah*)

Handel.

Chorus. He gave them Hailstones, (*Israel in Egypt*)

Handel.

ACT II.

Song. Tra caligine profonde.

Handel.

FIFTH CONCERTO.

Corelli.

Gloria in excelsis.

Negri.

THE SECRETARY OF THE BOARD OF TRADE

1875

MEMORANDUM

TO THE SECRETARY OF THE BOARD OF TRADE

FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE BOARD OF TRADE

RE: [illegible]

[illegible]



[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

A C T I.

C A N Z O N E T.

T. Ravenscroft.

CANST thou love and live alone,
Love is so disgrac'd,
Pleasure is best,
When you can rest
In a Heart embrac'd.
Rise Day-light, do not burn out,
Bells now ring,
And Birds do sing,
'Tis only I that mourn out.
Morning Star doth now appear,
Wind is hush'd, and Sky is clear,
Come away, canst thou love,
Then burn out Day.
Rise Day-light, do not burn out,
Bells now ring,
And Birds do sing,
'Tis only I that mourn out.

AIR, Miss ABRAMS.

Handel.

DITE che fà.
Dove è l'idol mio,
Selvaggie deità
Il mio tesoro.
A me voi lo rendete
O pur se lo vedete
Ditegli per pietà
Che per lui moro.
O rendetelo al mio cor
Dite che tutto ancor,
Sospiro anch'io.

INTRODUCTION and CHORUS in JOSHUA.

Handel.

YE Sons of Israel, every Tribe attend,
Let grateful Songs and Hymns to Heaven ascend;
In Gilgal, and on Jordan's Banks proclaim
One First, one Great, one Lord Jehovah's Name.

SONG, Mr. HARRISON.

Handel.

SE mai turbo il tuo riposo,
Se m'accendo ad altro lume,
Pace mai non abbia il cor.
Fosti sempre il mio bel Nume,
Tu sei solo il mio diletto,
E farai l'ultimo affetto,
Come fosti il primo amor.

SONG, Madame M A R A.

Handel.

I Know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter Day upon the Earth : and though Worms destroy this Body, yet in my Flesh shall I see God. For now is Christ risen from the Dead, the first Fruits of them that sleep.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

HE gave them Hailstones for Rain ; Fire, mingled with the Hail, ran along upon the Ground.

A C T II.

SONG, Signor T A S C A.

Handel.

TRA caligini profonde
Erra ognor la nostra mente,
S' ha per guida un cieco Nume.
Di rovina fulle sponde
E in pericolo imminente
Se ragion non le da il Lume.

C H O R U S.

Negri.

GLORIA in excelsis, Deo Gloria : Et in terrâ pax, Homi-
nibus bona Voluntas.

D U E T T O.

Laudamus Te, benedicimus Te, adoramus Te, glorificamus Te.

(7)

A I R.

Gratias agimus Tibi, propter magnum gloriam tuam.

C H O R U S.

Domine Deus, Rex Cœlestis, Deus Pater Omnipotens.
Domine Fili, Unigeniti Jesu Christe.

A I R.

Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris.

C H O R U S.

Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis. Qui tollis peccata
mundi, suscipe deprecationem nostram.

A I R.

Qui sedes ad dextram Patris, miserere nobis.

C H O R U S.

Quoniam Tu solus sanctus, Tu solus Dominus, Tu solus
altissimus, Jesu Christe, cum sancto Spiritu, in gloria Dei
Patris. Amen.

F I N I S.

(7)

A I R.

Gentilis agimus Tibi, propter magnam gloriam tuam.

C H O R U S.

Domine Deus, Rex Coelestis, Deus Pater Omnipotens.
Domine Fili, Unigenite Jhesu Christe.

A I R.

Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris.

C H O R U S.

Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis. Qui tollis peccata
mundi, suscipe deprecationem nostram.

A I R.

Qui sedes ad dextram Patris, miserere nobis.

C H O R U S.

Quoniam Tu solus Sanctus, Tu solus Dominus, Tu solus
altissimus, Jhesu Christe, cum Sancto Spiritu, in gloria Dei
Patris. Amen.

F I N I S.

(No. 2.)

Under the Direction of the Earl of *Sandwich*.

Monday, February 21st, 1785.

Concert of Antient Music.

A C T I.

- OVERTURE, Occasional ORATORIO. *Handel.*
Duet and Chorus. Fear no Danger, (*Dido and Æneas*) *Purcell.*
Song. Honour and Arms, (*Samson*) *Handel.*
SIXTH CONCERTO. *Corelli.*
2 Recit. and Song. Ye sacred Priests, (*Jephtha*) *Handel.*
/ Duet and Chorus. Caro, Bella, (*Julius Cæsar*) *Handel.*
Chorus. When his loud Voice, (*Jephtha*) *Handel.*
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A C T II.

- OVERTURE, SAUL, with the Dead March. *Handel.*
Glee. Will you hear how once repining. *L. Marenzio.*
Song. Non fò d'onde viene. *Bach.*
Stabat Mater. *D' Astorga.*

Under the Direction of the Earl of Sandwich.

Concert of Ancient Music.

Overture, Overture, Overture.
Duet and Chorus (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass).
Song, The rose and the thorn (Soprano).
Sixth Concerto.
Recit. and Song, The death of Richard III. (Alto).
Duet and Chorus (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass).
Chorus, When shall we see thee more (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass).

Overture, Overture, Overture.
Duet and Chorus (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass).
Song, The rose and the thorn (Soprano).
Sixth Concerto.
Recit. and Song, The death of Richard III. (Alto).
Duet and Chorus (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass).
Chorus, When shall we see thee more (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass).

A C T I.

Miss HARWOOD, Mr. KNYVETT, and Mr. DYNE.

FEAR no Danger to ensue,
The Hero loves as well as you ;
Ever gentle, ever smiling,
And the Cares of Life beguiling :
Cupids strew your Paths with Flowers,
Gathered from Elysian Bowers.

Purcell.

A I R, Mr. R E I N H O L D.

HONOUR and Arms scorn such a Foe,
Tho' I cou'd end thee at a Blow ;
Poor Victory,
To conquer thee,
Or Glory, in thy Overthrow.
Vanquish a Slave that is half slain !
So mean a Triumph I disdain.

Handel.

R E C I T. accompanied.

Handel.

YE sacred Priests, whose Hands ne'er yet were stain'd
With human Blood, why are ye thus afraid
To execute my Father's Will? The Call
Of Heaven with humble Resignation I obey.

A I R, Madame M A R A.

Farewell ye limpid Springs, and Floods,
Ye flow'ry Meads, and mazy Woods;
Farewell thou busy World, where reign
Short Hours of Joy, and Years of Pain.
Brighter Scenes I seek above,
In the Realms of Peace and Love.

D U E T, Two Miss A B R A M S.

*Caro,
Bella,*

Handel.

PIÙ amabile beltà
Mai non si troverà
Del tuo bel volto.

In me. Non splenderà

In te. Ne amor ne fedeltà

Da te disciolto.

Da Capo.

(5)

C H O R U S.

Ritorna omai nel nostro core
La bella Gioja ed il piacer.
Sgombrato è il fen d'ogni dolore,
Ciascun ritorni or' a goder.

Da Capo.

D U E T.

Un bel contento il fen già si prepara,
Se tu farai costante ognor per mè,
Così forti dal cor la doglia amara,
E sol vi resta amor, costanza, e fè,

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

WHEN his loud Voice in Thunder spoke,
With conscious Fear the Billows broke,
Observant of his dread Command :
In vain they roll their foaming Tide,
Confin'd by that great Power
That gave them Strength to roar.
They now contract their boist'rous Pride,
And lash with idle Rage the laughing Strand.

A C T II.

G L E E.

L. Marenzio.

WILL you hear how once repining,
Great ELIZA Captive lay?
Each ambitious Thought resigning,
Foe to Riches, Pomp, and Sway.
While the Nymphs and Swains delighted,
Tript around in all their Pride;
Envyng Joys, by others slighted,
Thus the Royal Maiden cry'd.

Hark, to yonder Milk-maid fingring,
Chearly o'er the brimming Pail;
Cowslips all around her springing,
Sweetly paint the Golden Vale.
Never yet did Courtly Maiden
Move so sprightly, look so fair;
Never Breast with Jewels laden,
Pour a Song so void of Care.

Wou'd indulgent Heav'n had granted

Me some rural Damsel's Part ;

All the Empire I had wanted,

Then had been my Shepherd's Heart.

Then with him o'er Hills and Mountains,

Free from Fetters, might I rove ;

Fearless taste the Chrystal Fountains,

Peaceful sleep beneath the Grove.

SONG, Mr. HARRISON.

Back.

NON fò d'onde viene
 Quel tenero affetto
 Quel moto che ignoto
 Mi nasce nel petto ;
 Quel gel che le vene
 Scorrendo mi v`à.
 Sono a destarmi
 S`i fieri contrasti,
 Non parmi che basti
 La sola piet`à.

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

D' Astorga.

STABAT Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem, lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristantem & dolentem,
Pertransiuit gladius.

T R I O.

O quam tristis & afflicta,
Fuit illa Benedicta,
Mater Unigeniti !
Quam mœrebat & dolebat,
Pia Mater dum videbat,
Nati pœnas incliti !

D U E T T O.

Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi, si videret,
In tanto supplicio ?
Quis non posset contristari,
Matrem Christi contemplari,
Dolentem cum Filio ?
Pro peccatis suæ gentis,
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum :
Vidit suum dulcem Natum,
Moriendo desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

C H O R U S.

Eja Mater ! fons amoris,
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam :
Fac ut ardeat cor meum,
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.

A I R.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas ;
Cordi meo validè ;
Tui Nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Pœnas mecum divide.

D U E T T O.

Fac me tecum piè flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero.
Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Et me tibi sociare,
In planctu desidero.

C H O R U S.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara :
Fac me tecum plangere.
Fac ut portem Christi mortem
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolere.

A I R.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Fac me cruce inebriari,
Et cruore Filii ;
Flammis ne urar succensus,
Per Te, Virgo, sim defensus
In die judicii.

C H O R U S.

Christe, cum sitiam exire,
Da per Matrem me venire,
Ad palmam victoriæ,
Quando corpus morietur
Fac ut anima donetur,
Paradisi Gloriâ.

A M E N.

F I N I S.

(No. 3.)

Under the Direction of the Earl of *Uxbridge*.

Monday, February 28th, 1785.

Concert of Antient Music.

A C T I.

OVERTURE, *RODELINDA*.

Handel.

Glee. Gently touch the warbling Lyre.

Geminiani.

Song. Tu vuoi chio parto, (*Rhadamistus*)

Handel.

Chorus. He smote all the First-born, (*Israel in Egypt*)

Handel.

FIFTH CONCERTO, Op. 2^{da}.

Martini.

Song. M'allontano sdegnose pupille, (*Atalanta*)

Handel.

Duet and Chorus. O never bow, (*Judas Macchabæus*)

Handel.

A C T II.

OVERTURE, *BERENICE*.

Handel.

Glee. Fair, sweet, cruel.

1636. *Ford.*

Song and Chorus. In sweetest Harmony, (*Saul*)

Handel.

ELEVENTH CONCERTO.

Corelli.

Air and Chorus. Softly rise, (*Solomon*)

Dr. Boyce.

Song. Ah se ancor mia tu sei.

Haffé.

Air and Chorus. Jehovah crowned, (*Esther*)

Handel.

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a general survey of the subject. It is divided into two main sections, the first of which deals with the history of the subject, and the second with the present state of the subject.

2. The second part of the paper is devoted to a detailed examination of the subject. It is divided into three main sections, the first of which deals with the history of the subject, the second with the present state of the subject, and the third with the future of the subject.

3. The third part of the paper is devoted to a detailed examination of the subject. It is divided into three main sections, the first of which deals with the history of the subject, the second with the present state of the subject, and the third with the future of the subject.

A · C T I.

G L E E.

Geminiani.

GENTLY touch the warbling Lyre,
Chloe seems inclin'd to rest;
Fill her Soul with fond Desire,
Softest Notes will sooth her Breast.
Pleasing Dreams assist in Love,
Let them all propitious prove.

SONG, Mr. HARRISON.

Handel.

TU vuoi chio parto
Idolo del mio core,
Mà senza cor.
Partirò, ma nel partire
Il desio di rivederti
Accresce il mio dolor.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

HE smote all the First-born of Egypt, the Chief of all their Strength. But as for his People he led them forth like Sheep. He brought them out with Silver and Gold, there was not one feeble Person in all their Tribes.

A I R, Madame M A R A.

Handel.

M'Allontano sdegnose pupille
Per vedervi più liete, e serene,
E perch' abbian le vostre faville
Nutrimento minore di pene.

D U E T, The Miss A B R A M S.

Handel.

OH, never bow we down,
To the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone;
But ever worship Israel's God,
Ever obedient to his awful Nod.

(5)

C H O R U S.

We never will bow down
To the rude Stock or sculptur'd Stone;
We worship God, and God alone.

A C T H.

G L E E.

Ford.

FAIR, sweet, cruel, why dost thou fly me?
Go not, oh ! go not from thy dearest;
Tho' thou dost hasten I am nigh thee,
When thou seemest far, then I am nearest:
O ! tarry then, and take me with thee.
Fie, fie sweetest, here is no Danger,
Fly not, oh ! fly not, Love pursues thee;
I am no Foe, nor hostile Stranger,
Thy Scorn with fresher Hope renews me:
O ! tarry then, and take me with thee.

(6)

SONG, Miss HARWOOD.

Handel.

IN sweetest Harmony they liv'd,
Nor Death their Union could divide ;
The pious Son ne'er left his Father's Side,
But him defending, bravely died ;
A Loss too great to be survived.
For Saul ye Maids of Israel mourn,
To whose indulgent Care
You owe the Scarlet and the Gold you wear,
And all the Pomp in which your Beauty long has shone.

C H O R U S.

Oh ! fatal Day, how low the Mighty lye !
Oh ! Jonathan, how nobly didst thou die !
For thy King and Country slain.

S O L O.

For thee my Brother Jonathan,
How great is my Distress ;
What Language can my Grief express ;
Great was the Pleasure I enjoy'd in thee,
And more than Woman's Love thy wond'rous Love to me.

(7)

C H O R U S.

Oh ! fatal Day, how low the Mighty lye !
Where, Ifrael, is thy Glory fled ?
Spoil'd of thy Arms, and sunk in Infamy,
How canst thou raise again thy drooping Head ?

A I R, Mr. HARRISON. *Dr. Boyce.*

SOFTLY rise, O fouthern Breeze,
And kindly fan the blooming Trees :
Upon my spicy Garden blow,
That Sweets from ev'ry Part may flow.

C H O R U S.

Ye fouthern Breezes gently blow,
That Sweets from ev'ry Part may flow.

S O N G, Madame M A R A.

Haffé.

AH fe ancor mia tu fei
Come trovar fi poco
Sai negli fguardi miei
Q'uel ch' io non poffo dir.

(8)

Io che nel tuo bel foco
Sempre fedel m' accendo
Mille segreti intendo
Cara da un tuo sospir.

R E C I T. accompanied.

Handel.

JEHOVAH crowned with Glory bright,
Surrounded with eternal Light ;
Whose Ministers are Flames of Fire ;
Arise, and execute thine Ire.

C H O R U S.

He comes, he comes to end our Woes,
And pour his Vengeance on our Foes.
Earth trembles, lofty Mountains nod ;
Jacob arise, and meet thy God.

F I N I S.

(No. 4.)

Under the Direction of the Earl of *Sandwich*,
for Lord Viscount *Dudley* and *Ward*.

Monday, March 7th, 1785.

Concert of Antient Music.

ACT I.

OVERTURE, PHARAMOND.	Handel.
Glee. Stay, Corydon, (<i>for Six Voices</i>)	1598. Wilbye.
The Music in the Tempest.	Purcell.
Recit. Deeper and deeper still, } (<i>Jephtha</i>)	Handel.
Song. Waft her, Angels,	
THIRD CONCERTO, Op. 4 ^{ta} .	Avifon.
Recit. O worse than Death, }	
Song. Angels ever bright and fair, } (<i>Theodora</i>)	Handel.
Chorus. The many rend the Skies, (<i>Alexander's Feast</i>)	Handel.

ACT II.

SECOND OBOE CONCERTO.	Handel.
Song. Fra l'ombre e gl'orrori, (<i>Sofarmes</i>)	Handel.
Glee. Chi mai d'iniqua stella.	Buononcini.
When the Ear heard him, (<i>Funeral Anthem</i>)	Handel.
Song. Vo folcando un mar crudele, (<i>Artaxerxes</i>)	Vinci.
Chorus. Gird on thy Sword, (<i>Saul</i>)	Handel.

Under the Direction of the Earl of Sandwich
for Lord Viscount Dudley and Wark

Concert of Ancient Music

Overture, Purcell
Glee, Shaw, Corbett
The Maid in the Tower
Song, West and A. J. J.
I was a Soldier
Hail to the King
Song, West and A. J. J.
Glee, Shaw, Corbett
The Maid in the Tower
Song, West and A. J. J.

Second Overture
Song, West and A. J. J.
Glee, Shaw, Corbett
When the Sun Shines
Song, West and A. J. J.
Glee, Shaw, Corbett

A C T I.

G L E E.

Wilbye.

STAY, Corydon, thou Swain,
Talk not so soon of dying;
What tho' thy Heart be slain,
What if thy Love be flying;
She threatens thee, but dares not strike;
The Nymph is light, and Shadow-like.
For if thou follow her, she'll fly from thee,
But if thou fly from her, she'll follow ye.

A I R.

Purcell.

Miss Harwood
COME unto these yellow Sands,
And there take Hands;
Foot it featly here and there,
And let the rest the Burthen bear.

(4)

C H O R U S.

Hark ! hark !
The Watch-Dogs bark :
Hark ! I hear
The Strain of Chanticleer.

C H O R U S.

Around, around we pace
About this curfed Place ;
While thus we compafs in
Thefe Mortals and their Sin.

A I R.

High, the sound Full Fathom five thy Father lies,
Of his Bones are Coral made ;
Those are Pearls that were his Eyes ;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a Sea Change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his Knell ;
Hark ! now I hear them ding dong bell.

C H O R U S.

Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his Knell ;
Hark ! now I hear them ding dong bell.

(5)

A I R.

Kind Fortune smiles, and she
Hath yet in Store for thee,
Some strange Felicity ;
Follow me, and you shall see.

A I R.

See, see the Heavens smile,
With Clouds no more o'er cast ;
In this now happy Isle,
Are all our Sorrows past.

Da Capo.

Q U A R T E T T O.

Where the Bee sucks there lurk I,
In a Cowslip's Bed I lye,
There I couch when Owls do cry ;
On the Bat's Back do I fly,
After Sun-set, merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the Blossom that hangs on the Bough.

A I R.

Halcyon Days, now Storms are ending,
You shall find whene'er you fail ;

Tritons all the while attending,
 With a kind and gentle Gale,
 Safely guard you to the Shore,
 And your Peace and Joy restore.

C H O R U S.

No Stars again shall hurt you from above,
 But all your Days shall pass in Peace and Love.

RECIT. accomp. Mr. HARRISON. *Handel.*

DEEPER and deeper still, thy Goodness, Child,
 Pierceth a Father's bleeding Heart, and checks
 The cruel Sentence on my fault'ring Tongue.
 Oh ! let me whisper it to the raging Winds,
 Or howling Defarts ; for the Ears of Men
 It is too shocking—yet—have I not
 Vow'd ? and can I think the Great
 Jehovah sleeps, like Chemosh,
 And such fabled Deities ? ah ! no :
 Heaven heard my Thoughts, and wrote
 Them down—it must be so—'tis
 This that racks my Brain, and
 Pours into my Breast a Thousand
 Pangs, that lash me into Madness.—

(7)

Horrid Thought ! my only Daughter.—
So dear a Child, doom'd by a Father !—
Yes.—The Vow is past, and Gilead
Hath triumph'd o'er his Foes—therefore
To-Morrow's Dawn—I can no more.

AIR, Mr. HARRISON.

Waft her, Angels, through the Skies,
Far above yon azure Plain ;
Glorious there, like you, to rise,
There, like you, for ever reign.

Da Capo.

R E C I T. accomp. Madame M A R A.

Handel.

O Worfe than Death indeed ! Lead me, ye Guards,
Or to the Rack, or to the Flames ;
I'll thank your gracious Mercy.

S O N G.

Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, O take me to your Care ;
Speed to your own Courts my Flight,
Clad in Robes of Virgin White.

Da Capo.

(8)

C H O R U S.

Handel.

THE many rend the Skies with loud Applause,
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the Cause.

A C T II.

S O N G, Signor T A S C A.

Handel.

FR A l'ombre e gl'orrori
Farfalla confusa
Gia spenta la face
Non fai mai goder.
Così fra timori tua mente delusa
Non speri mai pace
Ne speri piacer.

GLEE, Miss ABRAMS and Miss HARWOOD.

Buononcini.

CHI mai d'iniqua stella
Provò tenor più rio
Chi vide mai del mio
Più tormentato cor.
Tradito son da quella
Che fu la prima oh Dio !
Da chi'imparò il cor mio
A sospirar d'amor.

A N T H E M.

Handel.

WHEN the Ear heard him, then it blessed him ; and when the Eye saw him, it gave Witness of him.

He delivered the Poor that cried, the Fatherless, and him that had none to help him.—Kindness, Meekness, and Comfort were in his Tongue ; if there was any Virtue, and if there was any Praise, he thought on those Things.

His Body is buried in Peace ; but his Name liveth for evermore.

(10)

SONG, Madame M A R A.

Vinci.

VO solcando un mar crudele,
Senza vele, e senza farte;
Freme l'onda, il ciel s'imbruna,
Cresce il vento, e manca l'arte,
E il voler della fortuna
Son costretto a seguitar.
Infelice in questo stato
Son da tutti abbandonato;
Meco e sola l'Innocenza
Che me porta a naufragar.

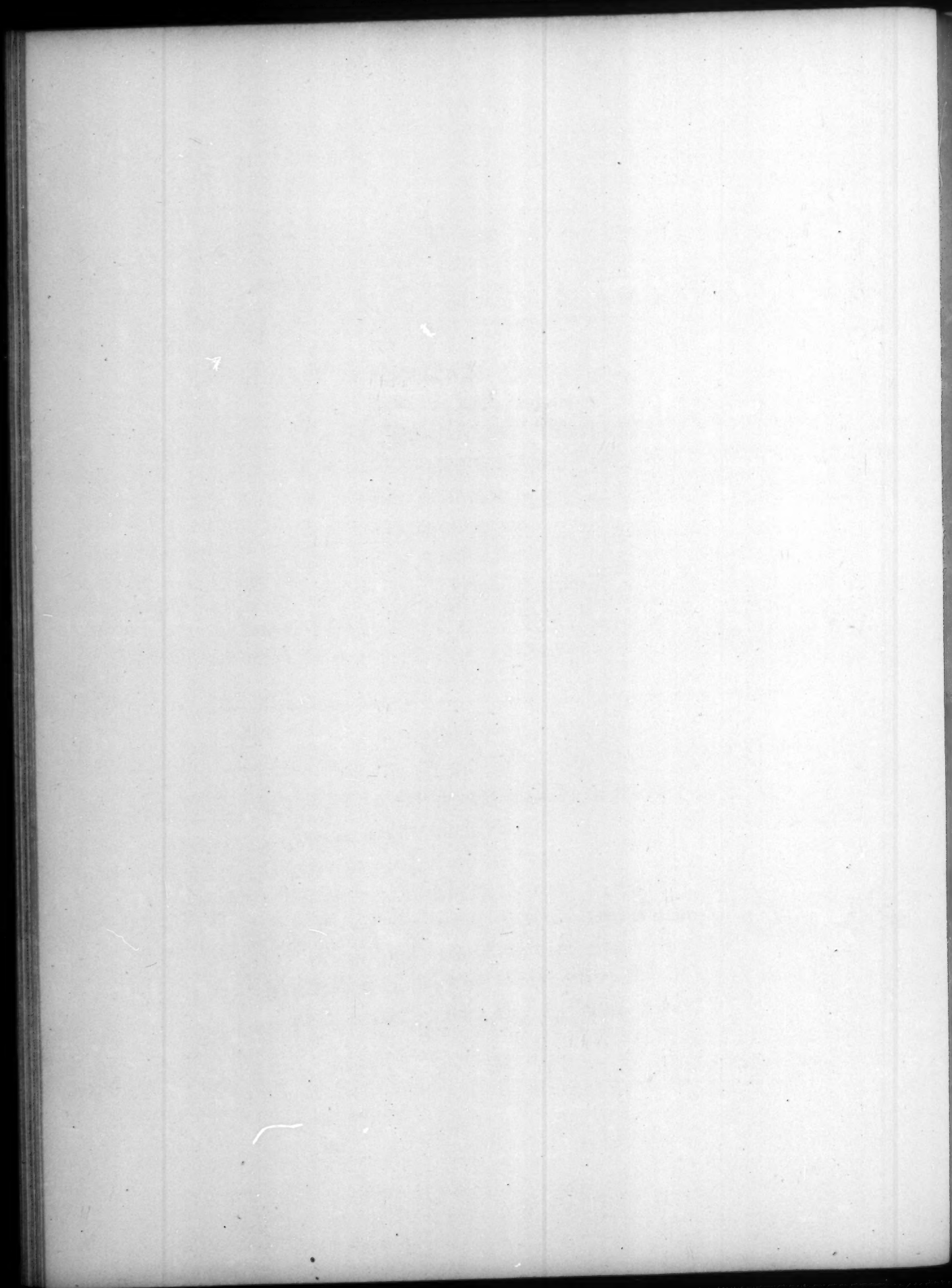
Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

GIRD on thy Sword thou Man of Might,
Pursue thy wonted Fame;
Go on, be prosperous in Fight,
Retrieve the Hebrew Name.
Thy strong Right Hand, with Terror arm'd,
Shall thy obdurate Foes dismay;
While others, by thy Virtue charm'd,
Shall crowd to own thy righteous Sway.

F I N I S.



(No. 5.)

Under the Direction of Sir *Watkin Williams*
Wynn, Bart. for Lord Vis. *Fitzwilliam*.

Monday, March 14th, 1785.

Concert of Antient Music.

ACT I.

SECOND OVERTURE, Op. 1st.	<i>Martini.</i>
Chorus. How excellent thy Name, (<i>Saul</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Song. I adore you, (<i>Amadis</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SECOND GRAND CONCERTO.	<i>Handel.</i>
Recit. Alma del gran Pompeo, (<i>Julius Cæsar</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Song. Affanni del pensier, (<i>Otho</i>)	
Anthem. O come let us sing unto the Lord.	<i>Handel.</i>

ACT II.

FIRST CONCERTO, Op. 7 ^{ma} .	<i>Geminiani.</i>
Song. Parmi che giunta in porto, (<i>Rhadamistus</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Duet. Our limpid Streams, } (<i>Josbua</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Chorus. May all the Host, }	
Song. Padre perdona.	<i>Hasse.</i>
FIFTH CONCERTO, Op. 4 ^{ta} .	<i>Avison.</i>
Song. Shall I in Mamre's fertile Plain, (<i>Josbua</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Recit. accomp. But bright Cecilia, }	<i>Handel.</i>
Chorus. As from the Pow'r, } (<i>Dryden's Ode</i>)	

Under the Direction of Sir William Wyke
Wyke, Bart. for Lord V. Pitt Rivers

London, March 14th, 1892

Concert of Ancient Music

ACT I

Second Concerto, Op. 18.
Chorus: "The Lord is God" (Hymn)
Song: "I will sing of thee" (Hymn)
Second Concerto, Op. 18.
Recit. "The Lord is God" (Hymn)
Song: "The Lord is God" (Hymn)
Chorus: "The Lord is God" (Hymn)

ACT II

First Concerto, Op. 18.
Song: "The Lord is God" (Hymn)
Recit. "The Lord is God" (Hymn)
Chorus: "The Lord is God" (Hymn)
Song: "The Lord is God" (Hymn)
First Concerto, Op. 18.
Song: "The Lord is God" (Hymn)
Recit. "The Lord is God" (Hymn)
Chorus: "The Lord is God" (Hymn)

A C T I.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

HOW excellent thy Name, O Lord!
In all the World is known!
Above all Heav'ns, O King ador'd,
How hast thou set thy glorious Throne?

A I R, Miss A B R A M S.

An Infant rais'd by thy Command,
To quell thy Rebel Foes,
Could fierce Goliath's dreadful Hand
Superior in the Fight oppose.

T R I O C H O R U S.

Along the Monster Atheist strode,
With more than human Pride;
And Armies of the living God,
Exulting in his Strength, defy'd.

FULL CHORUS.

The Youth, inspir'd by Thee, O Lord,
With Ease the Boaster flew ;
Our fainting Courage soon restor'd,
And Headlong drove that impious Crew.
How excellent thy Name, O Lord !
In all the World is known !
Above all Heav'ns, O King ador'd,
How hast thou set thy glorious Throne !

HALLELUJAH.

SONG, Miss ABRAMS. *Handel.*

I ADORE you, tho' you deny me,
Still I implore you, tho' 'tis in vain ;
Whilst I'm complaining, cruel you fly me,
And with Disdaining requite my Pain.

RECIT. Madame MARRA. *Handel.*

ALMA del gran Pompeo
Che al cener suo d'intorno,
Invisibil t'aggiri,
Fur ombra i tuoi trofei,

Ombra la tua grandezza, e un ombra fei,
 Così termina al fine il fasto umano;
 Ier chi vivo occupò un mondo in guerra,
 Oggi rivolto in polve un urna ferra.
 Tal di ciascuno, ah! lasso!
 Il principio è di terra, e il fine un fasso.
 Misera vita! o quanto è fral tuo stato,
 Ti forma un soffio, e ti distrigge un fiato.

A R I A.

Affanni del pensier
 Un sol momento,
 Datemi pace almen
 E poi tornate.
 Ah che nel mesto sen
 Io già vi sento
 Che ostinati la pace
 A me turbate.

C H O R U S. *Handel.*

O Come let us sing unto the Lord, let us heartily rejoice in the Strength of our Salvation. Let us come before his Presence with Thanksgiving, and shew ourselves glad in him with Psalms. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all Gods.

((26))

A I R.

O come let us worship and fall down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker ; for he is the Lord our God, and we are the People of his Pasture, and the Sheep of his Hand.

Glory and Worship are before him, Power and Honour are in his Sanctuary.

A I R and C H O R U S.

Tell it out among the Heathen that the Lord is King, and that he made the World so fast, that it cannot be moved.

A I R.

O magnify the Lord, and worship him upon his holy Hill, for the Lord our God is holy.

A I R.

The Lord preserveth the Souls of his Saints ; he shall deliver them from the Ungodly.

C H O R U S.

There is sprung up a Light for the Righteous, and joyful Gladness for such as are true of Heart. Rejoice in the Lord, ye Righteous.

A C T II.

SONG, Mr. HARRISON.

Handel.

PARMI che giunta in porto
Io stringa il mio conforto
E l' aura il legno,
E l' onda accrescono il contento,
Par che mi dica il fato
Per te mi son placato
E par ch' amor risponda
Ogni dolor' è spento.

D U E T, The Miss A B R A M S.

Handel.

Both. O U R limpid Streams with Freedom flow,
And feel no icy Chains,
No moulded Hail, no fleecy Snow
Pollute our fruitful Plain s
The Years one vernal Circle move,
Othniel. And still the same, like Achsah's Love.
Achsah. And still the same, like Othniel's Love.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Othniel. The Trumpet calls, now Jericho shall know,
What 'tis to have a Lover for her Foe ;
The City conquer'd, I shall hope to find,
Thy Father Caleb, like his Achsah, kind.

C H O R U S.

May all the Host of Heav'n attend him round,
And Angels waft him back with Conquests crown'd.

SONG, Madame M A R A.

Haffé.

PADRE perdona, oh pene!
Prence rammenta, oh Dio!
Gia che morir degg'io
Poteffi almen parlar.
Misera in che peccai,
Come fon giunta mai
De' numi a questo fegno
Lo fdegno a meritar.

SONG, Mr. REINHOLD.

Handel.

SHALL I in Mamre's fertile Plain
The Remnant of my Days remain?
And is it giv'n to me to have
A Place with Abraham in the Grave?
For all these Mercies I will fing
Eternal Praise to Heav'ns high King.

(10)

R E C I T. accomp. Madame M A R A.

Handel.

BUT bright Cecilia rais'd the Wonder high,
When to her Organ vocal Breath was giv'n;
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd,
Mistaking Earth for Heaven.

A I R and C H O R U S.

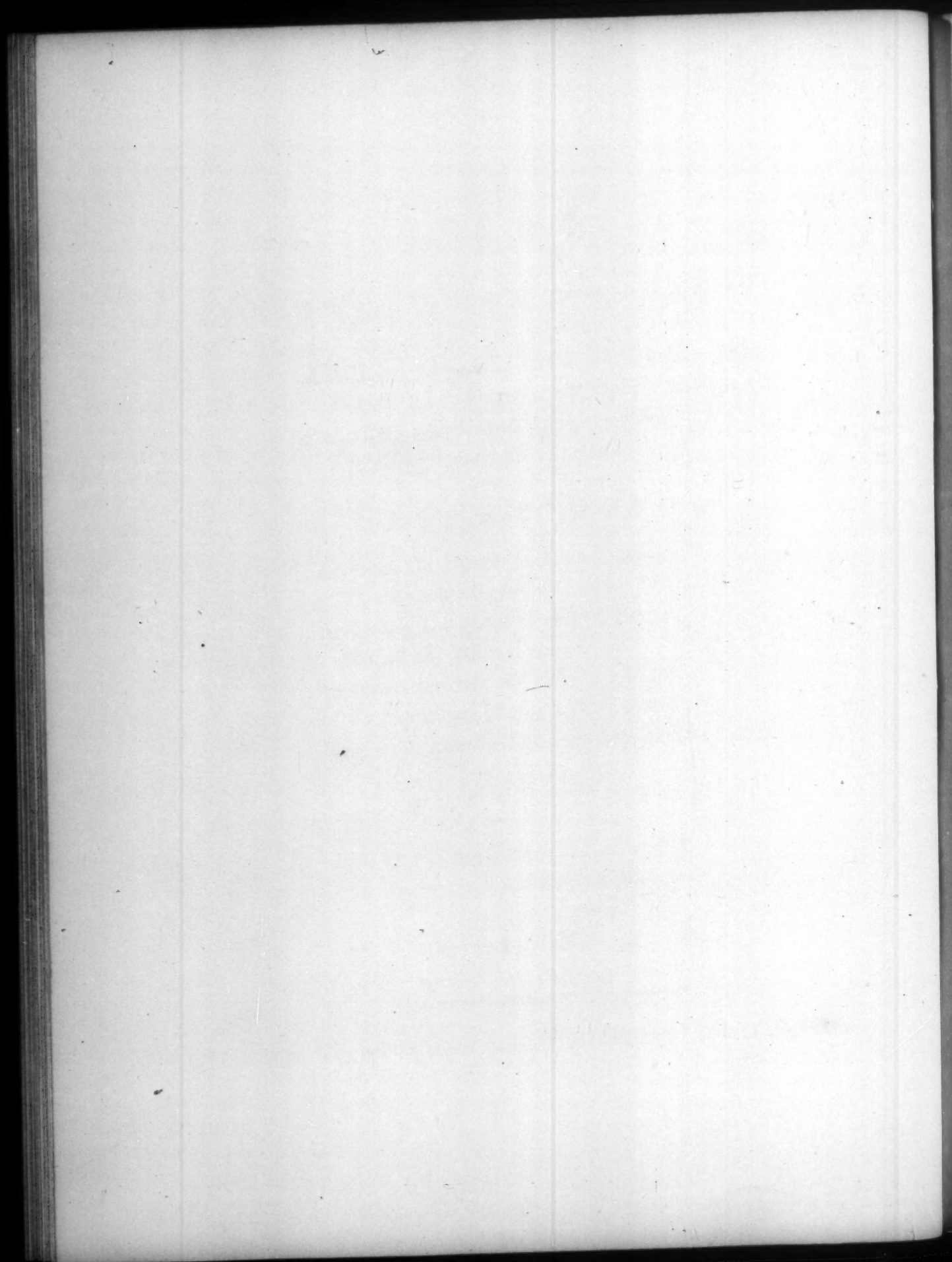
As from the Pow'r of sacred Lays,
The Spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's Praise
To all the Bless'd above.
So when the last and dreadful Hour,
This crumbling Pageant shall devour,
The Trumpet shall be heard on High;

F U L L C H O R U S.

The Dead shall live, the Living die,
And Music shall untune the Sky.

F I N I S.

 The next Concert will be on MONDAY the 4th of APRIL.



(No. 6.)

Under the Direction of Sir *Watkin Williams*
Wynn, Bart. for the Rt. Hon. *H. Morice*.

Monday, April 4th, 1785.

Concert of Antient Music.

A C T I.

OVERTURE, SEMELE.

Song. Cara sposa, (*Rhadamistus*)

Chorus. Immortal Lord of Earth and Skies, (*Deborah*)

Song. Non vi piacque, (*Siroe*)

Anthem. As pants the Hart for cooling Streams.

A C T II.

OVERTURE, SCIPIO, with the March.

Song. Sin not, O King, (*Saul*)

Song. Sento il cor, (*Sofarmes*)

Chorus. Righteous Heav'n, (*Susanna*)

ELEVENTH GRAND CONCERTO.

Duet. As steals the Morn, (*L' Allegro*)

Recit. and Song. Hide me, (*ditto*)

Chorus. Fix'd in his everlasting Seat, (*Samson*)

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L.

Letter of Introduction of the White House
to the Hon. Mr. Adams

Concord of Abigail M. 1822

My dear Mr. Adams
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
John Adams

ADAMS

A C T I.

SONG, Mr. HARRISON.

Handel.

CARA sposa, amato bene
Prendi speme
Che non sempre irato il cielo
Volgerà lo sdegno in me.
Sgombro oh Dio dal nobil core,
Il dolore
Ch'il vederti lagrimare,
Fà tremar lo spirto e'l pie.

Da Capo.

(4)

C H O R U S.

Handel.

IMMORTAL Lord of Earth and Skies,
Whose Wonders all around us rise ;
Whose Anger, when it awful glows,
To swift Perdition dooms thy Foes.
O grant a Leader to our Host,
Whose Name with Honour we may boast ;
Whose Conduct may our Cause maintain,
And break our proud Oppressor's Chain.

S O N G, Madame M A R A.

Handel.

NON vi piacque, ingiusti Dei,
Ch'io nasceffi Pastorella ;
Altra pena or non avrei
Che la cura d'un' agnella,
Che l'affetto d'un Pastor.

V E R S E and C H O R U S. *Handel.*

AS pants the Hart for cooling Streams, so longs my Soul
for Thee, O God.

(5)

A I R.

Tears are my daily Food, while thus they say, Where is now thy God?

R E C I T. accompanied.

Now when I think thereupon, I pour out my Heart by myself; for I went with the Multitude, and brought them out into the House of God.

C H O R U S.

In the Voice of Praise and Thanksgiving among such as keep Holiday.

D U E T.

Why so full of Grief, O my Soul; why so disquieted within me?

A I R and C H O R U S.

Put thy Trust in God, for I will praise him.



A C T II.

SONG, Mr. HARRISON. *Handel.*

SIN not, O King, against the Youth
Who ne'er offended you ;
Think to his Loyalty and Truth,
What great Rewards are due,
From City's storm'd, and Battles won,
What Glory can accrue ?
By this the Hero best is known ;
He can himself subdue.

SONG, Signor T A S C A. *Handel.*

SENTO il cor che lieto gode
Di trovar sì bella frade
Perche ancor la dispregzò.
S'alizi pur orrido frembo
Di tempeste core in grembo
Sosterra ciò che formò.

(7)

C H O R U S.

Handel.

RIGHTEOUS Heav'n beholds their Guile,
And forbears his Wrath awhile;
Yet his Bolt shall quickly fly,
Darted thro' the flaming Sky.
Tremble Guilt, for thou shalt find
Wrath divine outstrips the Wind.

DUET, Miss HARWOOD and Mr. HARRISON.

Handel.

AS steals the Morn upon the Night,
And melts the Shades away,
So Truth doth Fancy's Charms dissolve,
And rising Reason puts to Flight
The Fumes that did the Mind involve,
Restoring intellectual Day.

RECIT. accomp. Madame MARA.

Handel.

ME, when the Sun begins to fling
His flaming Beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched Walks of twilight Groves,
And Shadows brown, that Sylvan loves:
There, in close Covert, by some Brook,
Where no profaner Eye may look.

A I R.

Hide me from Day's garish Eye,
 While the Bee with honey'd Thigh,
 Which at her flow'ry Work doth sing,
 And the Waters murmuring,
 With such Concert as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep :
 And let some strange mysterious Dream
 Wave at his Wings, in airy Stream
 Of lively Portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my Eye-lids laid.
 Then, as I wake, sweet Music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some Spirit to Mortal's Good,
 Or th' unseen Genius of the Wood.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

FIX'D in his everlasting Seat,
 Jehovah rules the World in State.
 Great Dagon rules the World in State.
 His Thunder roars, Heav'n shakes, and Earth's aghast.
 The Stars with deep Amaze,
 Remain in stedfast Gaze.
 Jehovah is of Gods the first and last.
 Great Dagon is of Gods the first and last.

F I N I S.

(No. 7.)

Under the Direction of Sir *Watkin Williams*
Wynn, Bart.

Monday, April 11th, 1785.

Concert of Antient Music.

A C T I.

OVERTURE, SAMSON.	<i>Handel.</i>
Song. Rendi il fereno al ciglio, (<i>Sofarmes</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Chorus. To long Posterity, (<i>Josbua</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
FOURTH CONCERTO, from his Solos.	<i>Geminiani.</i>
Song. La dove gli occhi io giro, (<i>Admeto</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Anthem. Let God arise.	<i>Handel.</i>

A C T II.

EIGHTH CONCERTO.	<i>Corelli.</i>
Song. Chastity, thou Cherub bright, (<i>Susanna</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Chorus. See the proud Chief, (<i>Deborah</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Song. Gia la fento.	<i>Hasse.</i>
SECOND CONCERTO, Op. 8 th .	<i>Martini.</i>
Song. Thou shalt bring them in, (<i>Israel in Egypt</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Chorus. The Lord shall reign, (<i>ditto</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>

Under the Direction of Sir W. A. ...
... ..

Concert of Ancient Music

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A C T I.

SONG, Mr. HARRISON.

Handel.

RENDI il sereno al ciglio,
Madre, non pianger più.
Temer d' alcun periglio
Oggi come puoi tu?

Da Capo.

CHORUS in JOSHUA.

Handel.

TO long Posterity we here record,
The wond'rous Passage, and the Land restor'd.
In wat'ry Heaps affrighted Jordan stood,
And backward to the Fountain roll'd his Flood.

(4)

SONG, Madame M A R A.

Handel.

LA dove gli occhi io giro,
E l'erbe, e i fior rimiro,
Farfi più vaghi e belli;
Perche il mio ben
Fra lor mosse le piante.

Ogn 'aura, e dolce vento
A me porge contento,
E il canto de gli Augelli,
Par che a me dica ogn'or
Egli è costante.

Da Capo.

A N T H E M.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

LET God arise, and let his Enemies be scattered, let them
also that hate him, flee before him.

A I R.

Like as the Smoke vanisheth, so shalt thou drive them away.

(5)

A I R.

Like as Wax melteth at the Fire, so let the Ungodly perish
at the Presence of God.

D U E T.

O sing unto God, and sing Praises unto his Name.

A I R.

Let the Righteous be glad, and rejoice before God; let them
also be merry and joyful.

C H O R U S.

Praised be the Lord. Blessed be God.

HALLELUJAH.



A C T II.

SONG, Mr. HARRISON.

Handel.

CHASTITY, thou Cherub bright,
Gentle as the Dawn of Light,
Soft as Music's dying Strain;
Teach the Fair how vain is Beauty,
When she breaks the Bounds of Duty,
Vain are Charms, and Grace's vain.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

SEE the proud Chief advances now,
With fullen March and gloomy Brow.
Jacob arise, assert thy God,
And scorn Oppression's Iron Rod.

SONG, Madame M A R A.

Hasse.

GIA la sento che in flebile accento
Ombra mesta mi gira d'intorno
E si lagna che tardi si lento
Il momento d'unirsi con me.
Non sdegnarti bell' ombra diletta
Ferma, aspetta ful margin di lete
A seguirti s' affretta il mio pie.
Si ti sieguo mio dolce tesoro
L'alma amante già parte già viene
Non è morte l'unirsi al suo bene
No terribil la morte non è.

SONG, Miss H A R W O O D.

Handel.

THOU shalt bring them in, and plant them in the Mountain of thine Inheritance, in the Place, O Lord, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in; in the Sanctuary, O Lord, which thy Hands have established.

(18)

C H O R U S.

Handel.

THE Lord shall reign for ever and ever.

R E C I T.

For the Horſe of Pharaoh went in with his Chariots and with his Horſemen into the Sea, and the Lord brought again the Waters of the Sea upon them : but the Children of Iſrael went on dry Land in the Miſt of the Sea.

C H O R U S.

The Lord ſhall reign for ever and ever.

R E C I T.

And Miriam the Prophetess, the Sister of Aaron, took a Timbrel in her Hand, and all the Women went out after her with Timbrels and Dances.

C H O R U S.

Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously. The Lord shall reign for ever and ever. The Horſe and his Rider hath he thrown into the Sea.

F I N I S.

(No. 8.)

Under the Direction of Sir *Richard Jefferies*, Bart.

Monday, April 18th, 1785.

Concert of Antient Music.

ACT I.

OVERTURE, ARIADNE.	<i>Handel.</i>
Duet. Let Cæsar and Urania live.	<i>Purcell.</i>
Song. Gentle Airs, (<i>Athalie</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Gloria in excelsis.	<i>Pergolesi.</i>
FIRST CONCERTO, Op. 2 ^{da} .	<i>Geminiani.</i>
Duet. Cease thy Anguish, (<i>Athalie</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Song. Ah! mio cor! (<i>Alcina</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Chorus. Hallelujah, (<i>Messiah</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>

ACT II.

OVERTURE, RHADAMISTUS.	<i>Handel.</i>
Canzonet. Haste, my Nannette.	<i>Travers.</i>
Song. Rasserena il mesto ciglio.	<i>Gluck.</i>
Chorus. For unto us a Child is born, (<i>Messiah</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
FOURTH CONCERTO, Op. 3 ^{za} .	<i>Martini.</i>
Song. Heart, the Seat, (<i>Acis and Galatea</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Chorus. Worthy is the Lamb, (<i>Messiah</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>

Under the Direction of Sir Richard Jess, Bart.

Concert of Ancient Music

ACT I

OVERTUNE, (Soprano)
Duet, 1st and 2nd Soprano
Song, (Soprano)
Chorus in 2 parts
First Concerto, (Soprano)
Duet, (Soprano and Alto)
Song, All mio cor! (Soprano)
Chorus, (Soprano and Alto)

ACT II

OVERTUNE, (Soprano)
Chorus, (Soprano and Alto)
Song, (Soprano)
Chorus, (Soprano and Alto)
Fourth Concerto, (Soprano)
Song, (Soprano)
Chorus, (Soprano and Alto)

A C T I.

Two Part SONG, Messrs. DYNE and KNYVETT.

Purcell.

LET Cæsar and Urania live,
Let all Delights the Stars can give,
Upon the Royal Pair descend,
Let Discord to the Shades be driv'n ;
While Earth and Sky our Song attend,
And thus our loyal Vows ascend,
O preserve 'em Heaven.

A I R, Mr. HARRISON.

Handel.

GENTLE Airs, melodious Strains,
Call for Raptures out of Woe ;
Lull the regal Mourners Pains,
Sweetly sooth her as you flow.

Da Capo.

Pergoleſi.

GLORIA in excelsis, Deo gloria : & in terrâ pax, hominibus bona voluntas.

D U E T.

Handel.

CEASE thy Anguiſh, ſmile once more,
Let thy Tears no longer flow ;
Judah's God, whom we adore,
Soon to Joy will change thy Woe.
All his Mercies I review,
Gladly with a grateful Heart,
And I truſt he will renew,
Bleſſings he did once impart.
What e'er this Tyrant may decree,
Returning Joys we ſoon ſhall ſee.

S O N G, Madame M A R A.

Handel.

AH! mio cor! ſchernito ſei?
Stella! Dei! nume d'amore
Traditore! t'amo tanto,
Puoi laſciarmi ſola in pianto

Oh Dei ! perche
Ma che fà gemendo Alcina ?
Son Regina, e temo ancora ?
Refi, o mora.
Pene fempere,
O torni a me
Ah ! mio cor, &c.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

HALLELUJAH, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth ;
the Kingdom of this World is become the Kingdom of our
Lord, and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever,
King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. Hallelujah.



A C T II.

CANZONET, Miss ABRAMS and Mr. REINHOLD.

Travers.

HASTE, my Nannette, my lovely Maid,
Haste to the Bower thy Swain has made ;
For thee alone I made the Bower,
And strew'd the Couch with many a Flower.
None but my Sheep shall near us come ;
Venus be prais'd, my Sheep are dumb.
Great God of Love, take thou my Crook,
To keep the Wolf from Nannette's Flock.
Guard thou the Sheep to her so dear ;
My own, alas ! are less my Care.
But of the Wolf if thou'rt afraid,
Come not to us to call for Aid :
For with her Swain my Love shall stay,
Tho' the Wolf stroll, and the Sheep stray.

(7)

SONG, Mr. HARRISON.

Gluck.

RASSERENA il mesto ciglio,
Non è ver, non vado a morte ;
Vò con lieta, e fausta forte
Il mio fato ad incontrar.
Tu mi serba la costanza,
Questa sola è la speranza
Che mi porta a giubilar.

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

FOR unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and
the Government shall be upon his Shoulder, and his Name
shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the
Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

R E C I T. Madame M A R A.

Handel.

'TIS done : Thus I exert my Pow'r divine ;
Be thou immortal, tho' thou art not mine.

(8)

A I R.

Heart, the Seat of soft Delight !
Be thou now a Fountain bright !
Purple be no more thy Blood,
Glide thou like a chrystal Flood :
Rock, thy hollow Womb disclose
The bubbling Fountain, lo ! it flows,
Through the Plains he joys to rove,
Murm'ring still his gentle Love.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

WORTHY is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by his Blood, to receive Power, and Riches, and Wisdom, and Strength, and Honour, and Glory, and Blessing.

Blessing, and Honour, Glory, and Power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever. Amen.

F I N I S.

(No. 9.)

Under the Direction of Sir *W. W. Wynn*,
Bart. for the Right Hon. *H. Morice*.

Monday, April 25th, 1785.

Concert of Antient Music.

A C T I.

OVERTURE, DEIDAMIA.

Handel.

Song. Al tardar della vendetta, (*Deidamia*)

Handel.

Chorus. From Harmony, (*Dryden's Ode*)

Handel.

SIXTH GRAND CONCERTO.

Handel.

Song. Non verranno a turbarti.

Hasse.

Anthem. I will magnify Thee.

Handel.

A C T II.

OVERTURE, ALCINA.

Handel.

Song. As with rosy Steps the Morn, (*Theodora*)

Handel.

Chorus. In the Greatness, (*Israel in Egypt*)

Handel.

SIXTH CONCERTO, from his Solos.

Geminiani.

Duet. What's sweeter than the new-blown Rose (*Joseph*)

Handel.

Song. Piangerò la forte mia, (*Julius Cæsar*)

Handel.

Dettingen Anthem. The King shall rejoice

Handel.

Under the Direction of Dr. W. W. Moore
Hunt for the Right Hon. Mr. Moore

Concert of Ancient Music

Overture, Thomas Arne
Song, William Tell (1840)
Song, From the Forest (1840)
Song, From the Forest (1840)
Song, From the Forest (1840)
Song, From the Forest (1840)
Song, From the Forest (1840)

Overture, Beethoven
Song, From the Forest (1840)
Song, From the Forest (1840)
Song, From the Forest (1840)
Song, From the Forest (1840)
Song, From the Forest (1840)
Song, From the Forest (1840)

A C T I.

SONG, Signor T A S C A.

Handel.

AL tardar della vendetta
O la scorda o non l'aspetta
E sen ride l'offensor.
Al fin l'empio scorgere suole
Che in esempio il ciel lo vuole
Castigato dell'error.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

FROM Harmony,
From Heav'nly Harmony,
This universal Frame began ;
Thro' all the Compass of the Notes it ran,
The Diapason closing full in Man.

(4)

SONG, Madame M À R A.

Hasse.

NON verranno a turbarti i riposi,
Atre schiere di cure fevere,
Neri affanni, tiranni d'un cor.
Vivrai lieto nel sen de' contenti,
Alternando i tuoi giorni ridenti,
Fra gli scherzi di Bacco, e d'amor.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

I WILL magnify Thee, O God, my King, and I will praise
thy Name for ever and ever.

A I R. *Madame Mara*

Every Day will I give Thanks unto Thee, and praise thy
Name for ever and ever.

C H O R U S.

One Generation shall praise thy Works unto another, and
declare thy Power.

(5)

A I R.

M^r. Harrison

The Lord is righteous in all his Ways, and holy in all his Works ; he will fulfil the Desire of them that fear him.

A I R.

M^r. Harrison

Happy are the People that are in such a Case, yea, blessed are the People who have the Lord for their God.

A I R and C H O R U S.

My Mouth shall speak the Praise of the Lord ; and let all Flesh give Thanks unto his holy Name for ever and ever. Amen.



A C T II.

SONG, Miss HARWOOD.

Handel.

AS with rosy Steps the Morn,
Advancing, drives the Shades of Night ;
So from virtuous Toils well born,
Raife thou our Hopes of endless Light.
Triumphant Saviour ! Lord of Day !
Thou art the Life, the Light, the Way. *Da Capo.*

C H O R U S.

Handel.

IN the Greatness of thine Excellency thou hast overthrown
them that rose up against thee. And with the Blast of thy
Nostrils the Waters were gathered together ; the Floods stood
upright as an Heap, and the Depths were congealed in the
Heart of the Sea.

(7)

D U E T, The Miss A B R A M S.

Handel.

WHAT's sweeter than the new-blown Rose?
Or Breezes from the new-mown Close?
What's sweeter than April Morn?
Or May-Day's silver fragrant Thorn?
What than Arabia's spicy Grove?
O sweeter far the Breath of Love.

S O N G, Madame M A R A.

Handel.

PIANGERÒ la forte mia
Sì crudele, e tanto ria,
Finche vita in petto avrò.
Ma poi morte, d'ogn' intorno
Il tiranno e notte e giorno
Fatta spettro agiterò.

Da Capo.

(8)

A N T H E M.

Handel.

THE King shall rejoice in thy Strength, O Lord; exceeding glad shall he be of thy Salvation.

Glory, great Worship hast thou laid upon him: Thou hast prevented him with the Blessings of Goodness, and hast set a Crown of pure Gold upon his Head.

HALLELUJAH.

F I N I S.

 *Such Persons as are desirous of continuing Subscribers to the Concerts of Antient Music, the next Year, are requested to send their Names, in Writing, to Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart. St. James's-Square, on or before Saturday the 21st of May, 1785.*

(No. 10.)

Under the Direction of Sir *W. W. Wynn*,
Bart. for Lord Viscount *Fitzwilliam*.

Monday, May 2d, 1785.

Concert of Antient M U S I C.

E S T H E R,

A N

O R A T O R I O,

B Y

Mr. H A N D E L;

As it was originally Compos'd and Performed

AT THE CROWN AND ANCHOR.

Under the Direction of Sir W. W. Wynne
Baron for Lord Villiers' Entertainment

Concert of Ancient Music

ESTHER

ORATORIO

MR. HANDEL

As it was originally Composed and Performed

AT THE CROWN AND ANCHOR

E S T H E R,

A N

O R A T O R I O.

A C T I.

I S R A E L I T E W O M A N.

RECIT. accomp. Madame MARA.

BREATHE soft ye Gales, ye Rills in Silence roll,
And heav'nly Peace reside in Esther's Soul.

A I R, Miss A B R A M S.

Watchful Angels, let her share
Your indulgent, daily Care.

(4)

H A B D O N A H.

R E C I T. Mr. HARRISON.

'Tis greater far to spare, than to destroy.

H A M A N.—Mr. REINHOLD.

I'll hear no more, it is decreed,
All the Jewish Race shall bleed.
Hear and obey, what Haman's Voice commands;
Hath not the Lord of all the East,
Giv'n all his Pow'r into my Hands?
Hear all ye Nations far and wide,
Which own our Monarch's Sway,
Hear and obey.

A T I R.

Pluck Root and Branch from out the Land,
Shall I the God of Israel fear?
Let Jewish Blood dye ev'ry Hand,
Nor Age, nor Sex I'll spare.
Raze, raze their Temples to the Ground,
And let their Place no more be found.

O F F I C E R.—Mr. HARRISON.

Our Souls with Ardour glow,
To execute the Blow.

(5)

C H O R U S.

Shall we the God of Israel fear?
Nor Age, nor Sex we'll spare.
Pluck Root and Branch from out the Land.

I S R A E L I T E S.—Mr. HARRISON.

Jerusalem no more shall mourn,
In sad Captivity forlorn;
The righteous God, in whom we trust,
Will be propitious to the Just.
To Rapture then your Voices raise,
And change your Sighs to Songs of Praise.

I S R A E L I T E.

A I R.

Tune your Harps to chearful Strains,
Moulder Idols into Dust;
Great Jehovah lives and reigns,
We in great Jehovah trust.

Da Capo.

A I R, Miss HARWOOD.

Praise the Lord with chearful Noise,
Wake my Glory, wake my Lyre;
Praise the Lord each mortal Voice;
Praise the Lord ye heav'nly Choir.
Zion now her Head shall raise,
Tune your Harps to Songs of Praise.

(6)

C H O R U S.

Shall we of Servitude complain,
The heavy Yoke and galling Chain !

M O R D E C A I.

R E C I T. Signor T E N D U C C I.

How have our Sins provok'd the Lord !
Wild Persecution hath unsheath'd the Sword,
Haman hath sent forth his Decree ;
The Sons of Israel all
Shall in one Ruin fall.

A C C O M P.

Methinks I hear the Mother's Groans,
While Babes are dash'd against the Stones.
I hear the Infant's shriller Screams,
Stabb'd at the Mother's Breast,
Blood stains the Murderer's Vest,
And thro' the City flows in Streams.

A I R.

O Jordan, Jordan, sacred Tide !
Shall we no more behold thee glide
The fertile Vales along ?

(7)

C H O R U S.

Ye Sons of Israel mourn,
Ye never to your Country shall return.

MORDECAI, ESTHER.

E S T H E R.

R E C I T. Madame M A R A.

Why sits that Sorrow on thy Brow ?
Why is thy rev'rend Head
With mournful Ashes spread ?
Why is that humble Sackcloth worn ?
Speak, Mordecai, my Kinsman, Friend ;
Speak, and let Esther know
Why all this solemn Woe ?

MORDECAI.—Mr. HARRISON.

One Fate involves us all :
Haman's Decree,
To strike at me,
Hath said, that ev'ry Jew shall fall :
Go stand before the King with weeping Eye.

E S T H E R.—Madame M A R A.

Who goes unsummon'd, by the Laws shall die.

M O R D E C A I.

R E C I T. Mr. HARRISON.

Haste to the King, his Mercy crave,
Trust to th' Almighty, and be brave.
Why wert thou rais'd to Persia's Throne?
Not for thy Sake alone.

M O R D E C A I.

A I R.

Dread not, righteous Queen, the Danger,
Love will pacify his Anger ;
Fear is due to God alone :
Follow great Jehovah's calling ;
For thy Kindred's Safety falling,
Death is better than a Throne. *Da Capo.*

E S T H E R.

R E C I T. Madame M A R A.

I go, the Power of Grief to prove ;
O ! may that Grief Compassion move.

A I R.

Tears assist me, Pity moving,
Justice cruel Fraud reproving ;
Hear, O God ! thy Servant's Prayer :

Is it Blood that must atone?
Take, O take my Life alone,
And thy chosen People spare !

AHASUERUS.—Mr. HARRISON.

Who dares intrude into our Prefence,
Without our Leave?
It is decreed,
He dies for this audacious Deed.
Hah ! Esther there,
The Law condemns, but Love will spare.

ESTHER.—Madame MARRA.

My Spirits sink, alas ! I faint.

AHASUERUS.—Mr. HARRISON.

Ye Pow'rs ! what Palenefs spreads her beauteous Face !
Esther awake, thou fairest of the Race ;
Awake and live, 'tis my Command,
Behold the golden Sceptre in my Hand !
Sure Sign of Grace ;
The bloody stern Decree
Was never meant, my Queen, to strike at thee.

(10)

E S T H E R.

DUET. Madame MARA and Mr. HARRISON.

Who calls my parting Soul from Death?

A H A S U E R U S.

Awake, my Soul, my Life, my Breath.

E S T H E R.

Hear my Suit, or else I die.

A H A S U E R U S.

Ask, my Queen, can I deny?

SONG. Mr. HARRISON.

O beauteous Queen, unclofe those Eyes,

My fairest shall not bleed:

Hear Love's soft Voice that bids thee rise,

And bids thy Suit succeed.

Ask, and 'tis granted from this Hour,

Who shares our Heart, shall share our Pow'r. *Da Capo.*

E S T H E R.

RECIT. Madame MARA.

If I find Favour in thy Sight,

May the great Monarch of the East

Honour my Feast,

(11)

And deign to be his Servant's Guest ;
The King and Haman I invite.

A H A S U E R U S.

A I R. Mr. K N Y V E T T.

How can I stay when Love invites !
I come my Queen to chaste Delights.
With Joy, with Pleasure, I obey ;
To thee I give the Day.

Da Capo.

R. E C I T.

With inward Joy his Visage glows,
He to the Queen's Apartment goes ;
Beauty has his Fury charm'd,
And all his Wrath disarm'd.

C H O R U S.

Virtue, Truth, and Innocence,
Shall ever be her sure Defence :
She is Heav'n's peculiar Care,
Propitious Heaven will hear her Prayer.



A . C T II.

R E C I T. Mr. D Y N E.

JEHOVAH, crown'd with Glory bright,
Surrounded with eternal Light,
Whose Ministers are Flames of Fire,
Arise, and execute thine Ire.

C H O R U S.

He comes ! he comes to end our Woes,
And pour his Vengeance on our Foes.
Earth trembles, lofty Mountains nod ;
Jacob arise and meet thy God.

AHASUERUS.—Mr. HARRISON.

Now, O Queen, thy Suit declare,
Ask half my Empire, and 'tis thine.

E S T H E R.—Madame M A R A.

O gracious King, my People spare,
For in their Lives, you strike at mine;
Reverse the dire Decree,
The Blow is aim'd at Mordecai and Me.
And is the Fate of Mordecai decreed,
Who, when the Ruffian's Sword
Sought to destroy my royal Lord,
Brought forth to Light the desp'rate Deed!

A H A S U E R U S.—Mr. HARRISON.

Yes, yes I own, to him alone
I owe my Life and Throne:
Say then, my Queen, who dares pursue
The Life to which Reward is due.

E S T H E R.—Madame M A R A.

'Tis Haman's Hate
That sign'd his Fate.

A H A S U E R U S.—Mr. HARRISON.

I swear by yon bright Globe of Light,
Which rules the Day!
That Haman's Sight
Shall never more behold the golden Ray!

(14)

H A M A N.

A I R. Signor T A S C A.

Turn not, O Queen, thy Face away,
Behold me prostrate on the Ground!
O speak, his glowing Fury stay,
Let Mercy in thy Sight be found.

E S T H E R.

A I R. Madame M A R A.

Flattering Tongue, no more I'll hear thee,
Vain are all the cruel Wiles;
Bloody Wretch, no more I fear thee,
Vain thy Frowns, and vain thy Smiles.
Tyrant, when of Pow'r possess'd;
Now thou tremblest when distress'd.

Da Capo.

A H A S U E R U S.

R E C I T. Mr. H A R R I S O N.

Guards, seize the Traitor, bear him hence;
Death shall reward the dire Offence;
To Mordecai be Honour paid;
The royal Garment bring.
My Diadem shall grace his Head;
Let him in Triumph thro' the Streets be led,
Who sav'd the King.

(15)

H A M A N.

A I R. Mr. REINHOLD.

How art thou fallen from thy Height !
Tremble Ambition at the Sight,
In Pow'r let Mercy sway.

DUET. Miss ABRAMS and Miss HARWOOD.

I'll proclaim the wond'rous Story
Of the Mercies I receive,
From the Day springs dawning Glory,
'Till the fading Day of Eve.
All the Blessings Heav'n is lending,
Will defend our grateful Lays ;
To his radiant Throne ascending,
Wafted on the Wings of Praise.
In exalted Rapture joining,
We'll employ our happy Days ;
All our grateful Pow'rs combining,
To declare his endless Praise.

C H O R U S.

The Lord our Enemy has slain ;
Ye Sons of Jacob sing a chearful Strain ;
Sing Songs of Praise, bow down the Knee,
The Worship of our God is free.
The Lord our Enemy has slain ;
Ye Sons of Jacob sing a chearful Strain ;

For ever blessed be his holy Name,
Let Heav'n and Earth his Praise proclaim.

D U E T. Miss HARWOOD and Mr. HARRISON.

The Lord his People shall restore,
And we in Salem shall adore.

C H O R U S.

For ever blessed be his holy Name,
Let Heav'n and Earth his Praise proclaim.

D U E T. Mr. REINHOLD and Signor TASCA.

Mount Lebanon his Firs resigns;
Descend ye Cedars, haste ye Pines,
To build the Temple of the Lord,
For God his People has restor'd.

C H O R U S.

For ever blessed be his holy Name,
Let Heav'n and Earth his Praise proclaim.

F I N I S.

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Concerts of Antient Music, the next Year, are requested to send
their Names, in Writing, to Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart.
St. James's-Square, on or before Saturday the 21st of May, 1785.

(No. 11.)

Under the Direction of the Earl of Sandwich.

Monday, May 9th, 1785.

Concert of Antient Music.

ACT I.

OVERTURE, LOTHARIUS.	<i>Handel.</i>
Glee. Now is the Month of Maying.	<i>Morley.</i>
Anthem. Hear my Prayer, O God.	<i>Kent.</i>
Song. Dirti ben mio vorrei.	<i>Leo.</i>
Chorus. He gave them Hailstones, (<i>Israel in Egypt</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
FIRST CONCERTO, Op. 8 ^{va} .	<i>Martini.</i>
Cantata. Chi non ode.	<i>Pergolesi.</i>
Quintetto and last Chorus. Ye House of Gilead (<i>Jephtha</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>

ACT II.

OVERTURE, OTHO.	<i>Handel.</i>
Glee. Amidst the Myrtles as I walk.	<i>Battisbill.</i>
Ode on Queen Mary's Birth-Day.	<i>Purcell.</i>
FOURTH CONCERTO, Op. 4 ^{ta} .	<i>Avison.</i>
Song. Nasce al bosco, (<i>Ætius</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Chorus. Gloria Patri, (<i>Jubilate</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>

Under the Direction of the Earl of Sandwich

Concert of Ancient Music

Overture, *Antiqua*
Gloria, *New in the Month of March*
Aria, *Antiqua*
Song, *Antiqua*
Chorus, *The four voices*
First Concerto, *Op. 1*
Chorus, *Chorus*
Gloria, *Antiqua*

ACT II
Overture, *Antiqua*
Gloria, *Antiqua*
Aria, *Antiqua*
Song, *Antiqua*
Chorus, *The four voices*
First Concerto, *Op. 2*
Chorus, *Chorus*
Gloria, *Antiqua*

A C T I.

Morley.

NOW is the Month of Maying,
And merry Lads are playing ;

Fa, la, la.

Each with his bonny Lafs,
A dancing on the Grafs.

Fa, la, la.

D U E T, The Mifs A B R A M S.

Kent.

HEAR my Prayer; O God, and hide not thyself from my
Petition.

A I R.

Take Heed unto me, and hear me, how I mourn in my
Prayer, and am vexed.

(4)

RECITATIVE.

My Heart is disquieted within me, and the Fear of Death
is fallen upon me.

DUET and CHORUS.

Then I said, O that I had Wings like a Dove, then would
I flee away, and be at Rest.

SONG, Mr. HARRISON.

Leo.

DIRTI ben mio vorrei
Che l'Idol mio tu fei,
Che t'amo, che t'adoro
Ma non lo posso dir.
Io t'amerò celando
Il mio crudel martoro
Andrai tu lusingando
L'occulto tuo martir.

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

Handel.

HE gave them Hailstones for Rain; Fire, mingled with
the Hail, ran along upon the Ground.

Madame M A R A.

Pergolesi.

CHI non ode, e chi non vede
Le mie voci, e il mio sembiante,
Non saprà d'un core amante
Quanta sia la fedeltà.
Mal comprende e non lo crede
Dove giunga il mio martire,
Chi non giunse anco a soffrire
Di costei la crudeltà.

Da Capo.

R E C I T.

Di costei parlo, a cui natura e amore
Solo per mio dolor, per mio dispetto,
Armò di rabbia il petto. Tal che sprezza
I sospiri e le querele, non cura il pianto,
E ride alle mie pene.
Ah ! perche non poss'io vincer del core
L'ostinato voler, che mi da morte ;
E di lei che nemica è di pietade,
Seguendo il rio costume cangiar gl'affetti
In odio e crudeltade.

Tu dovresti, amor tiranno,
O scemare in me l'affanno,
O addolcire il suo rigor.

(6)

R E C I T.

Ma dove io mi rivolgo ! e d'onde attendo !
Benche scarfo ristoro al mio martire,
Se la bella infedel, che m'innamora,
Per lei così mi strazia, e m'addolora.

A C C O M P.

Miseri affetti miei ! barbara sorte !
Tiranno amor ! se incrudelir ti piace,
Raddoppia i colpi, ad affrettar la morte :
Ch'io privo di speranza temer non fo,
Ma cerco con costanza
Da morte sol mia vera ultima pace.

A I R.

Cadrò contento
Dal duol oppresso
Se 'l duolo istesso,
Se 'l mio tormento
Se 'l tuo rigore
Cadrà con me.
Così di Nice
Quel core ingrato
Sarà placato
Godrà per me.

Da Capo.

(7)

QUINTETTO.

Handel.

ALL that is in Hamor mine,
Freely I to Heav'n resign.
Joys triumphant crown thy Days,
And thy Name eternal Praise.

C H O R U S.

Ye House of Gilead, with one Voice,
In Blessings manifold rejoice,
Freed from War's destructive Sword:
Peace her Plenty 'round shall spread,
While in Virtue's Path ye tread:
So blest are they that fear the Lord.

HALLELUJAH.



A C T II.

G L E E.

Battisbill.

AMIDST the Myrtles as I walk,
Love and myself thus enter Talk :
Tell me, said I, in deep Distress,
Where I may find my Shepherdess ?
Says Love to me, thou faithful Swain,
Thy Search in Myrtle Groves is vain ;
Examine well thy noblest Part,
Thou'lt find her seated in thine Heart.

Purcell.

CELEBRATE this Festival,
Hark the Muses and the Graces call
Celebrate this Festival.
Britain, now thy Cares beguile,
Bless the Day that bless'd our Isle.

'Tis sacred ; bid the Trumpet cease ;
 Let fullen Discord smile ;
 Let War devote this Day to Peace.
 Expected Spring at last is come,
 Attired in all her youthful Bloom.
 She's come, and pleads for her Delay :
 She waited for Maria's Day,
 Nor would before that Morn be gay.
 April, who 'till now has mourn'd,
 Claps with Joy his sable Wing,
 To see within his Orb return'd,
 The choicest Blessings he could bring.
 Maria's Birth-Day and the Spring.
 Departing thus you'll hear him say,
 I envy not the Pride of May,
 Crown'd with the Honours of thy Day.
 On Flora's Charms let her enlarge ;
 A Saint and Beauty was my Charge.
 Happy Realm beyond expressing,
 Such a Royal Pair possessing,
 Britain, if thou knowest thy Blessing.
 Home-bred Faction ne'er alarm thee,
 Other Mischiefs cannot harm thee.
 Cæsar bears the Toils of War ;
 Maria thy domestic Care :
 Theirs the Trouble, thine the Blessing,
 Happy Realm beyond expressing,
 Such a Royal Pair possessing.

While for a righteous Cause he arms,
 The wond'rous Hero 'scapes
 From Death in thousand Shapes,
 Still safe, still foremost in Alarms.
 Return, fond Muse, the Thoughts of War
 On this auspicious Day forbear,
 When Britain should her Joy proclaim;
 And to disarm approaching Harm,
 Repeat Maria's Name.
 Kindly treat Maria's Day,
 And your Homage 'twill repay.
 Bequeathing Blessings on our Isle,
 The tedious Minutes to beguile;
 'Till Conquest to Maria's Arms restore
 Peace, and her Hero to depart no more.

S O N G, Signor T A S C A. *Handel.*

NASCE al bosco in rozzo cuna,
 Un felice pastorello,
 E con l' aure di fortuna,
 Giunge i regni a dominar.
 Presso al trono in regie fasce
 Sventurato un altro nasce,
 E fra l'ire della sorte,
 Va gli armenti a pascolar.

(II)

C H O R U S.

Handel.

GLORY be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the Beginning, is now, and ever shall be,
World without End. Amen.

F I N I S.

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(11)

C H O R U S

Glory

GLORY be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without End. Amen.

F I N I S

✓ This Project is an attempt to reconstruct the contents of the original manuscript, as far as possible, and to add the missing parts, in order to give a complete and correct edition of the work, as it appeared in the original. The work was published in the year 1793.

(No. 12.)

Under the Direction of Lord Viscount
Dudley and Ward.

Monday, May 16th, 1785.

Concert of Antient Music.

A C T I.

OVERTURE, ACIS and GALATEA.	Handel.
First Chorus. O the Pleasure, (<i>Acis and Galatea</i>)	Handel.
Song. Pleasure, my former Ways, (<i>Time and Truth</i>)	Handel.
Trio. The Flocks shall leave, (<i>Acis and Galatea</i>)	Handel.
Song. Pow'rful Guardians, (<i>Alexander Balus</i>)	Handel.
Chorus. O God behold our sore Distress, (<i>Jephtha</i>)	Handel.
ELEVENTH CONCERTO.	Corelli. Geminiani.
First Part of Cantata, (<i>Euridice</i>)	Pergolesi.
Chorus. Wretched Lovers ! (<i>Acis and Galatea</i>)	Handel.

A C T II.

SIXTH CONCERTO.	Ricciotti.
Glee. Flora gave me fairest Flowers.	1609. Wilbye.
Song. Vieni o caro e mi consola, (<i>Otho</i>)	Handel.
Chorus. Fall'n is the Foe, (<i>Judas Macchabæus</i>)	Handel.
Song. Lusinghe più care, (<i>Alexander</i>)	Handel.
Second Part of Cantata, (<i>Euridice</i>)	Pergolesi.
Anthem. My Heart is inditing.	Handel.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF NEW YORK

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY
JOHN B. HENRY
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

A. D. 1850

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY
JOHN B. HENRY
AT THE
OFFICE OF THE
AUTHOR,
NO. 10 NASSAU ST.

A C T I.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

O The Pleasure of the Plains !
Happy Nymphs and happy Swains ;
Harmless, merry, free, and gay,
Dance and sport the Hours away.
For us the Zephyr blows,
For us distills the Dew,
For us unfolds the Rose,
And Flowers display their Hue :
For us the Winters rain,
For us the Summers shine ;
Spring swells for us the Grain,
And Autumn bleeds the Vine.

Da Capo.

(4)

SONG, Mr. HARRISON

Handel.

PLEASURE, my former Ways resigning,
To Virtue's Cause inclining,
Thee, Pleasure, now I leave :
Left, when my Spirits fail me,
Repentance can't avail me,
Nor Sicknefs Comfort give.

Da Capo.

T R I O,

Miss ABRAMS, Mr. HARRISON, and Mr. GRIFFITH.

ACIS, GALATEA, AND POLYPHEME.

Handel.

Acis and Gal. THE Flocks shall leave the Mountains,
The Woods the Turtle Dove ;
The Nymphs forsake the Fountains,
Ere I forsake my Love.

Polypheme. Torture ! Fury ! Rage ! Despair !
I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.

Acis and Gal. Not Show'rs to Larks more pleasing,
Nor Sunshine to the Bee ;
Not Sleep to Toil so easing,
As these dear Smiles to me.

(5)

Polypheme. Fly swift, thou maffy Ruin, fly :
Die, presumptuous Acis, die.

S O N G, Mifs T. A B R A M S.

Handel.

POW'RFUL Guardians of all Nature,
O preserve my beauteous Love :
Keep from Insult the dear Creature,
Virtue fure hath Charms to move.

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

O GOD behold our fore Distress ;
Omnipotent to plague or blefs :
But turn thy Wrath, and blefs once more
Thy Servants, who thy Name adore.

RECIT. accomp. Madame M A R A.

Pergoleſi.

NEL chiuſo centro, ove ogni luce aſſonna,
Allor che pianſe in compagnia
D'amore, della ſmarrita donna
Seguendo l'orme per ignota via,
Giunſe di Tracia il vate.
Al ſuo dolore qui ſciolſe il freno,
A rintracciar pietate :
E qui nel muto orrore, in dolci accenti,
Al alme ſventurate,
Sulla cetra narrando i ſuoi tormenti,
Temprò la pena, e debellò lo ſdegno,
Del barbaro Signor del cieco regno.

A R I A.

Euridice ! e dove ſei !
Chi m'aſcolta ? chi m'addita ?
Dov' è 'il ſol degl' occhi miei ?
Chi farà che torni in vita ;
Chi al mio cor la renderà ?

C H O R U S.

Handel.

WRETCHED Lovers ! Fate has pass'd
This sad Decree ; no Joy shall last.
Wretched Lovers ! quit your Dream,
Behold the Monster Polypheme !
See what ample Strides he takes !
The Mountain nods, the Forest shakes ;
The Waves run frightened to the Shores ;
Hark how the thund'ring Giant roars !



A C T II.

G L E E.

Wilbye.

FLORA gave me fairest Flowers,
None so fair in Flora's Treasure ;
These I plac'd in Phillis's Bowers,
She was pleas'd, and she's my Pleasure.
Smiling Meadows seem to say,
Come ye Wantons here to play.

SONG, Miss HARWOOD.

Handel.

VIENI o caro e mi. consola
Che se il viver t'è vietato
Mori almeno in questo sen.
A penar non farò sola——
Se 'l concede amica stella
Perche teco io verro men.

Da Capo.

C H O R U S.

Handel.

FALL'N is the Foe,
So fall thy Foes, O Lord,
Where warlike Judas wields his righteous Sword.

S O N G, Miss A B R A M S.

Handel.

LUSINGHE più care
D'amor veri dardi
Vezzose volate
Sul labbro nei guardi,
E tutta involate
L'altrui Libertà.
Gelosi sospetti
Diletti con pene
Fra gioie e tormenti
Momenti di speme
Voi l'armi farete
Di vaga beltà.

R E C I T. Madame M A R A.

Pergoleſi.

SI, che pietà non v'è, ſe a me non lice
 Piegare del Fato il braccio;
 Onde riſani la cruda piaga d' Euridice,
 In ſeno non v'è pietà;
 No, non ſ' intende amore,
 Se in van ſoſpiro, in van mi cruccio, e piango.—
 Ma — che diſſi? che finſi un tanto affetto,
 Chi non provo? chi non inteſe ancora
 Di natura, e d' amor le voci, i moti,
 Angue tra ſpine ſia, tra Ircane ſelve
 Feroce tigre, o tra Numide arene,
 Sieno indomite belve. Ditelo voi,
 Cui traſſe amor tra l'ombre pallide,
 Amica turba Evadne, Fedra, e tu prole d'Acaſto,
 E voi compagne, ſi può tra rai del ſole tornar coſi?
 Chi può ſenza il ſuo bene trarre i giorni odioſi,
 E diſperando vivere per amare, amar penando?

A R R I A.

O d' Euridice

N' andrò faſtoſo:

O d' Achèronte,

Sul nero fonte

Diſciolto in lagrime,

Spirto infelice!

(II)

Si, sì, io refterò,
Non ha terrore,
Per me la morte;
Preffo al mio amore,
Ogni afpra forte,
Ogni fventura,
Soffrir fi può.

Da Capo.

A N T H E M.

Handel.

MY Heart is inditing of a good Matter; I fpeak of the Things which I have made unto the King.

Kings Daughters were among thy honourable Women.

Upon thy Right Hand did ftand the Queen in Vefture of Gold; and the King fhall have Pleafure in thy Beauty.

Kings fhall be thy nurfing Fathers, and Queens thy nurfing Mothers.

F I N I S.

 *Such Persons as are desirous of continuing Subscribers to the Concerts of Antient Music, the next Year, are requested to send their Names, in Writing, to Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart. St. James's-Square, on or before Saturday the 21st of May, 1785.*



